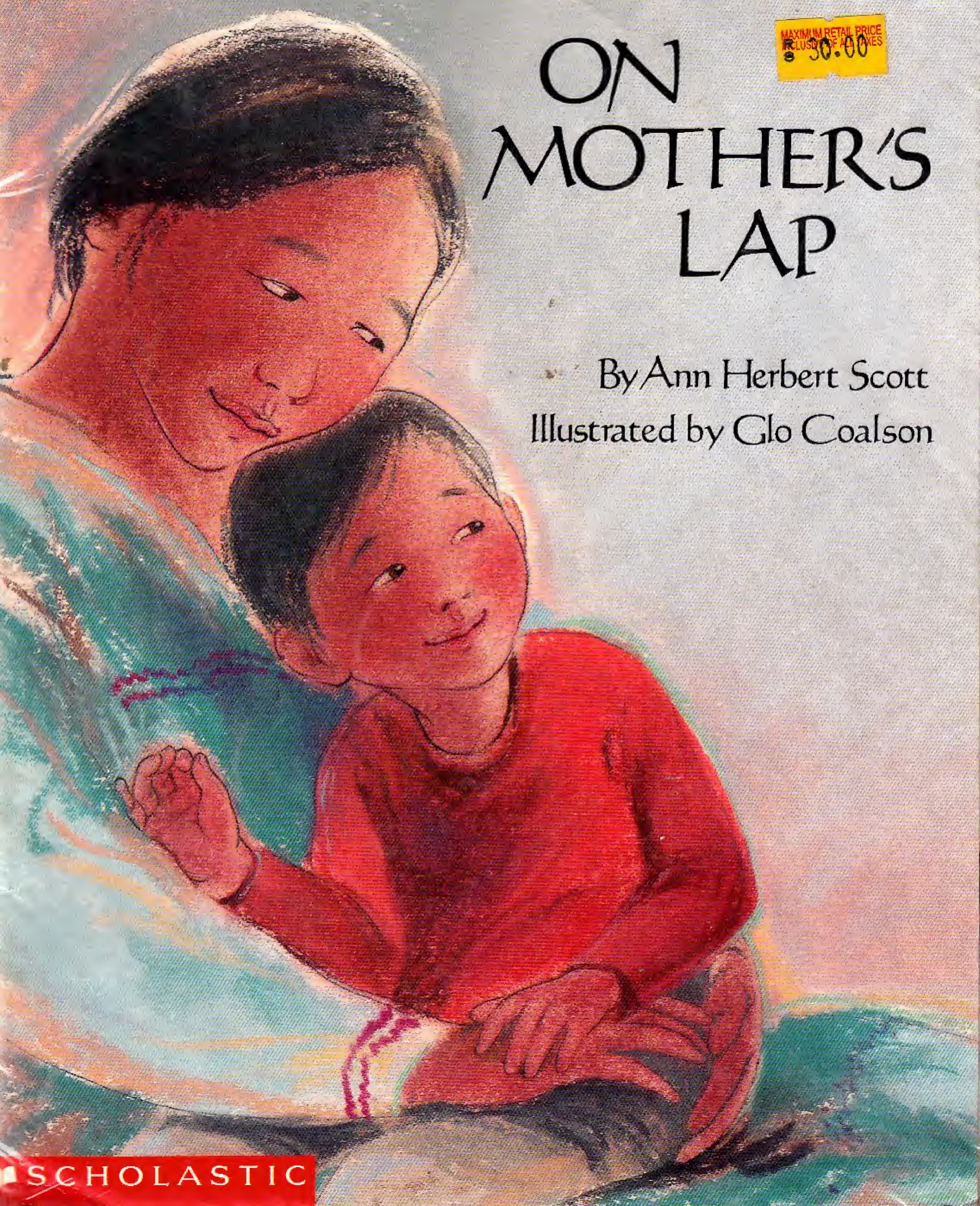


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# ON MOTHER'S LAP

By Ann Herbert Scott  
Illustrated by Glo Coalson



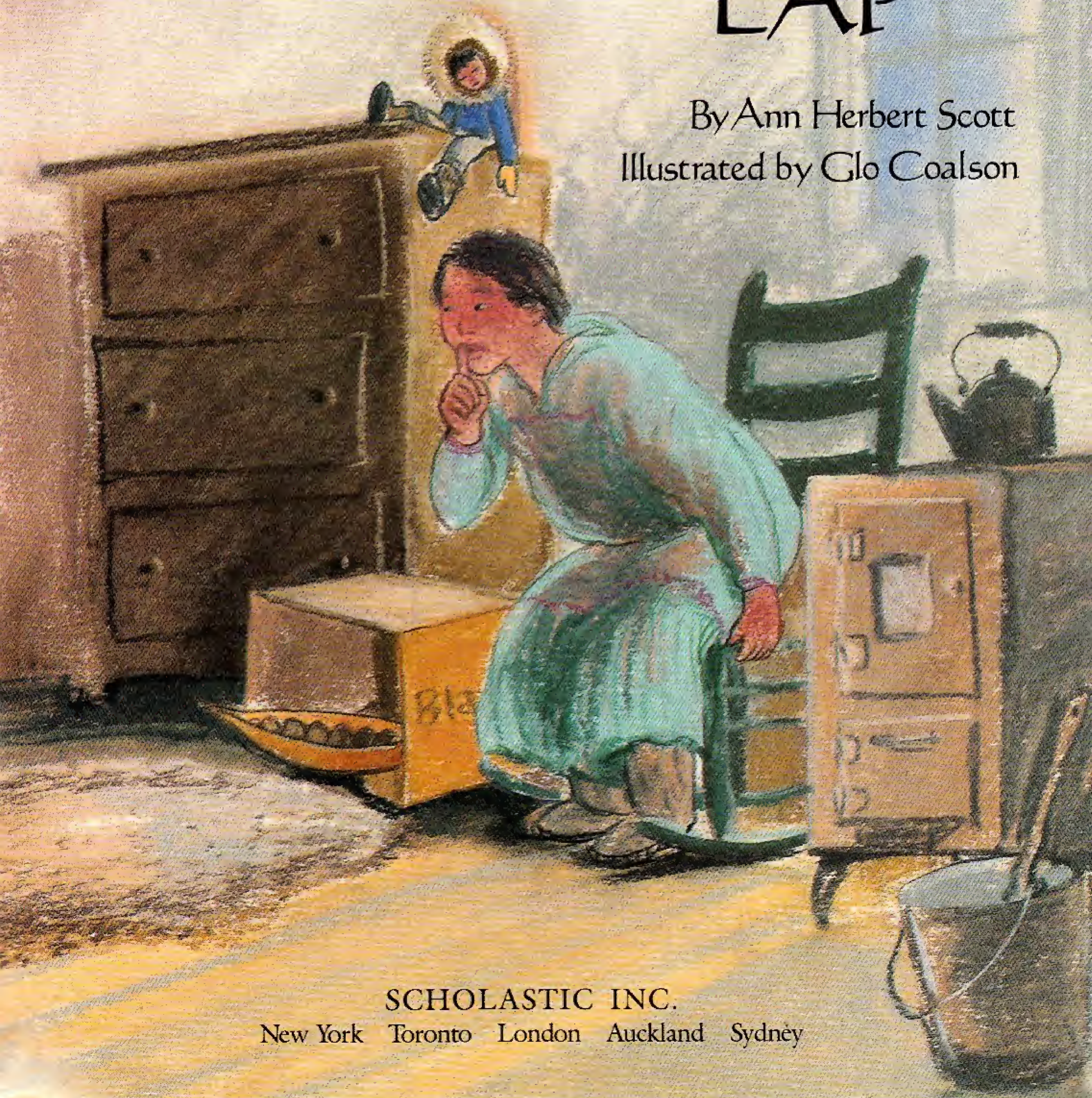
SCHOLASTIC

# ON MOTHER'S LAP



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By Ann Herbert Scott  
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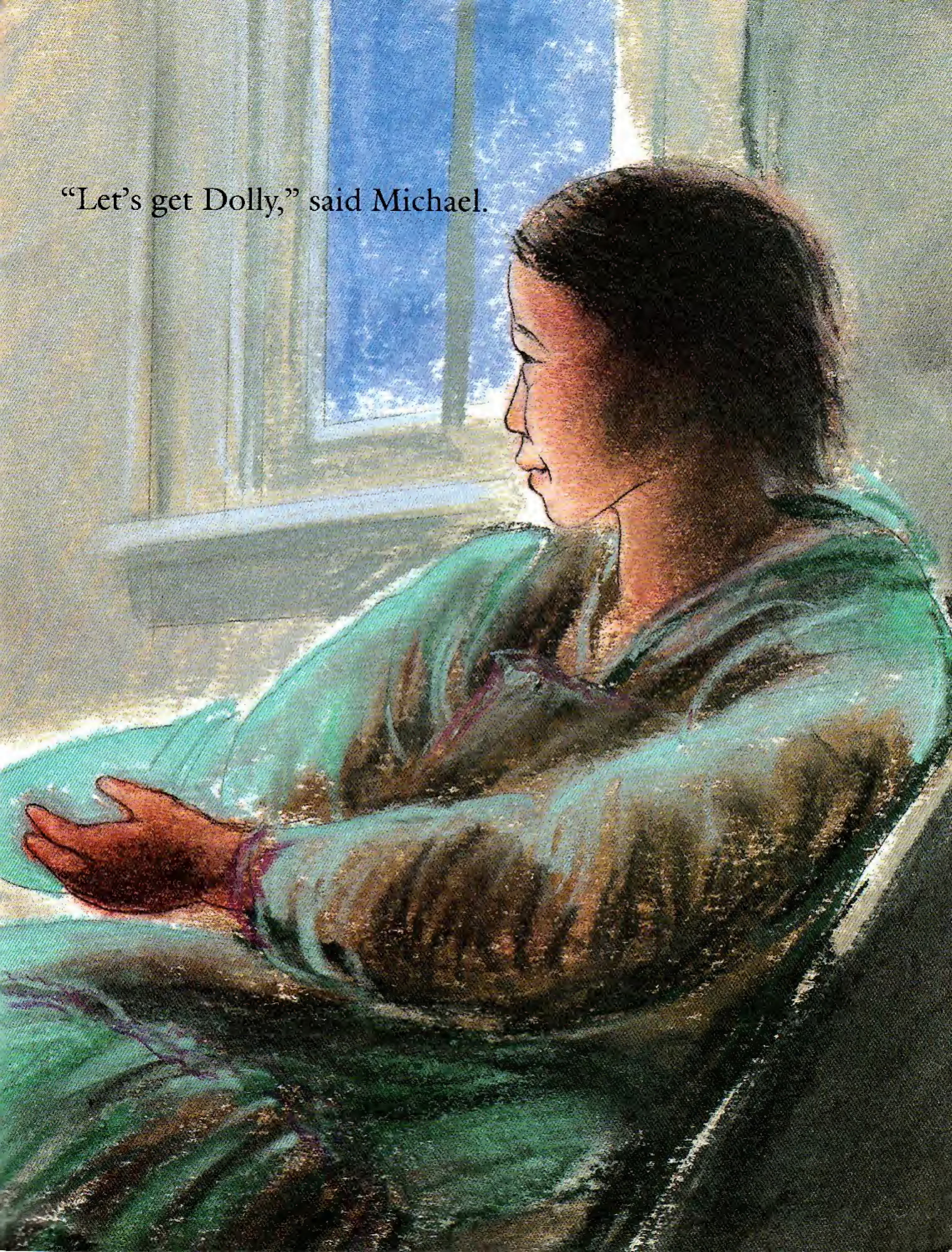




Michael was sitting on his mother's lap.  
Back and forth,  
back and forth, they rocked.



“Let’s get Dolly,” said Michael.

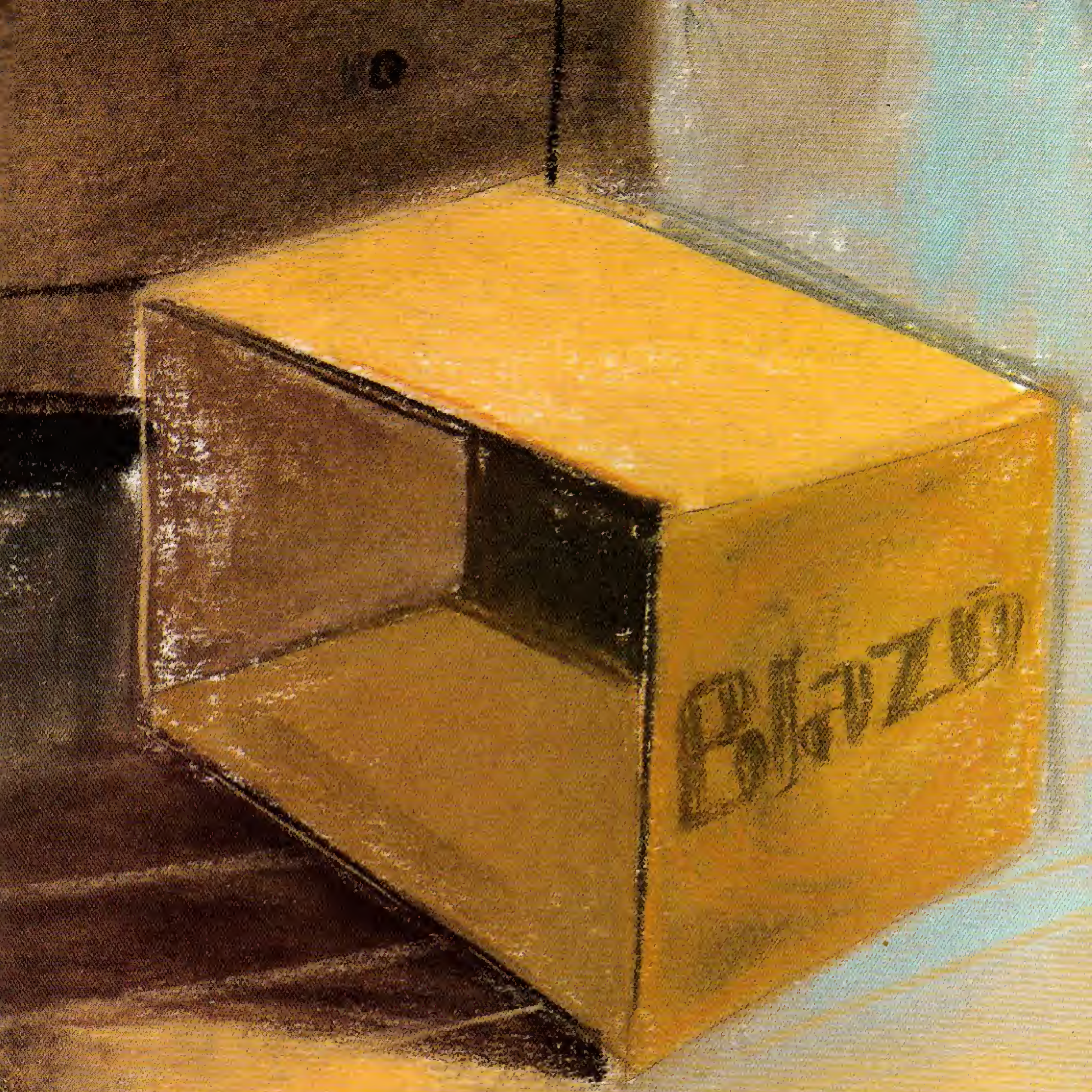


Soon Michael and Dolly were  
on Mother's lap. Back and forth,  
back and forth, they rocked.









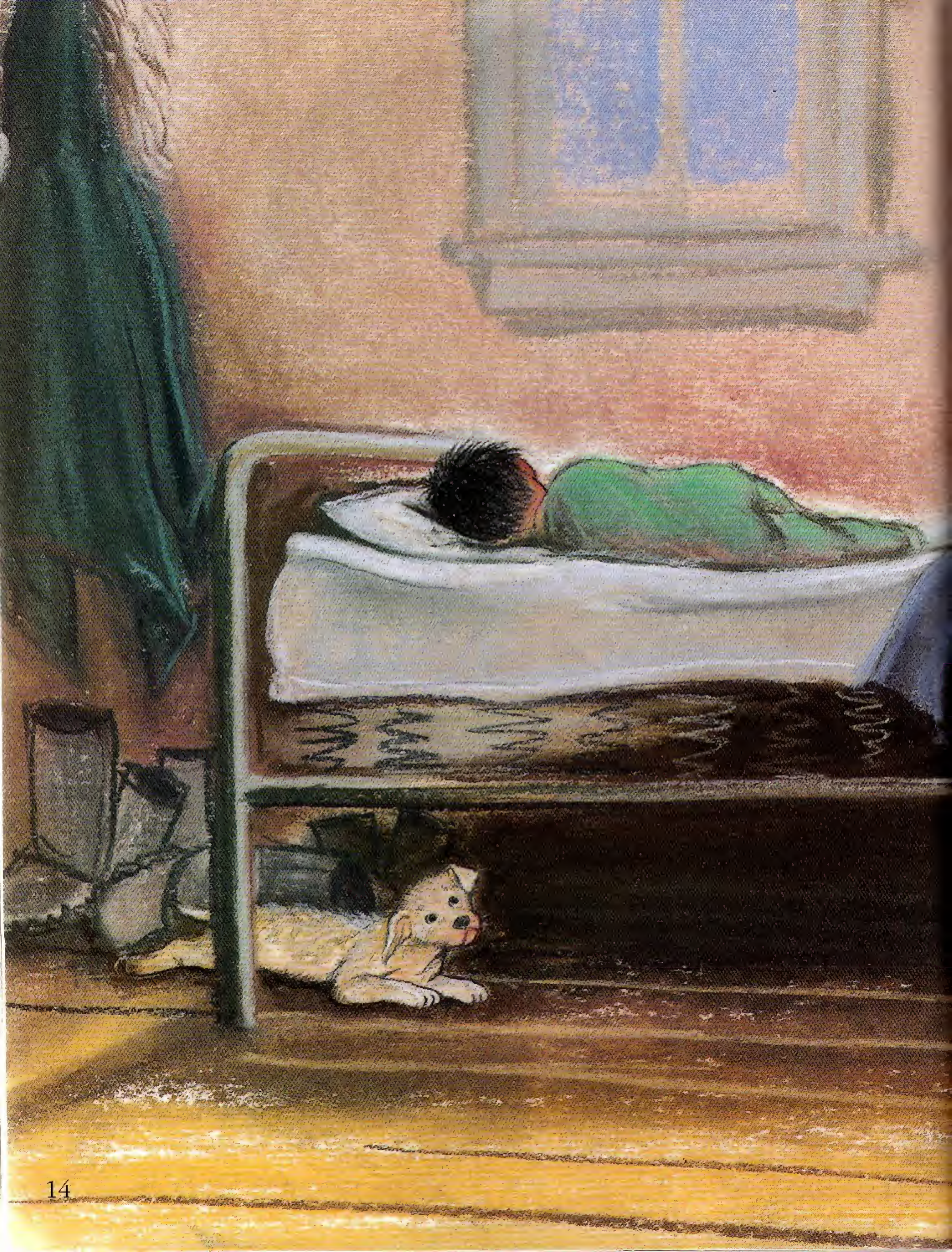
“Boat needs me,” said Michael.  
“I’ll bring Boat.”

Michael climbed back on Mother's lap  
with Boat on one side and Dolly on the  
other.

Back and forth, back and forth, they  
rocked.







“I want my reindeer blanket,” said Michael.







Carefully, Michael tucked his reindeer blanket around Boat and Dolly.

Back and forth, back and forth, they all rocked on Mother's lap.





“Puppy wants to come, too,” said Michael.





Michael and Boat and Dolly and Puppy  
all cuddled beneath the reindeer blanket  
on Mother's lap.

Back and forth, back and forth, they  
rocked.

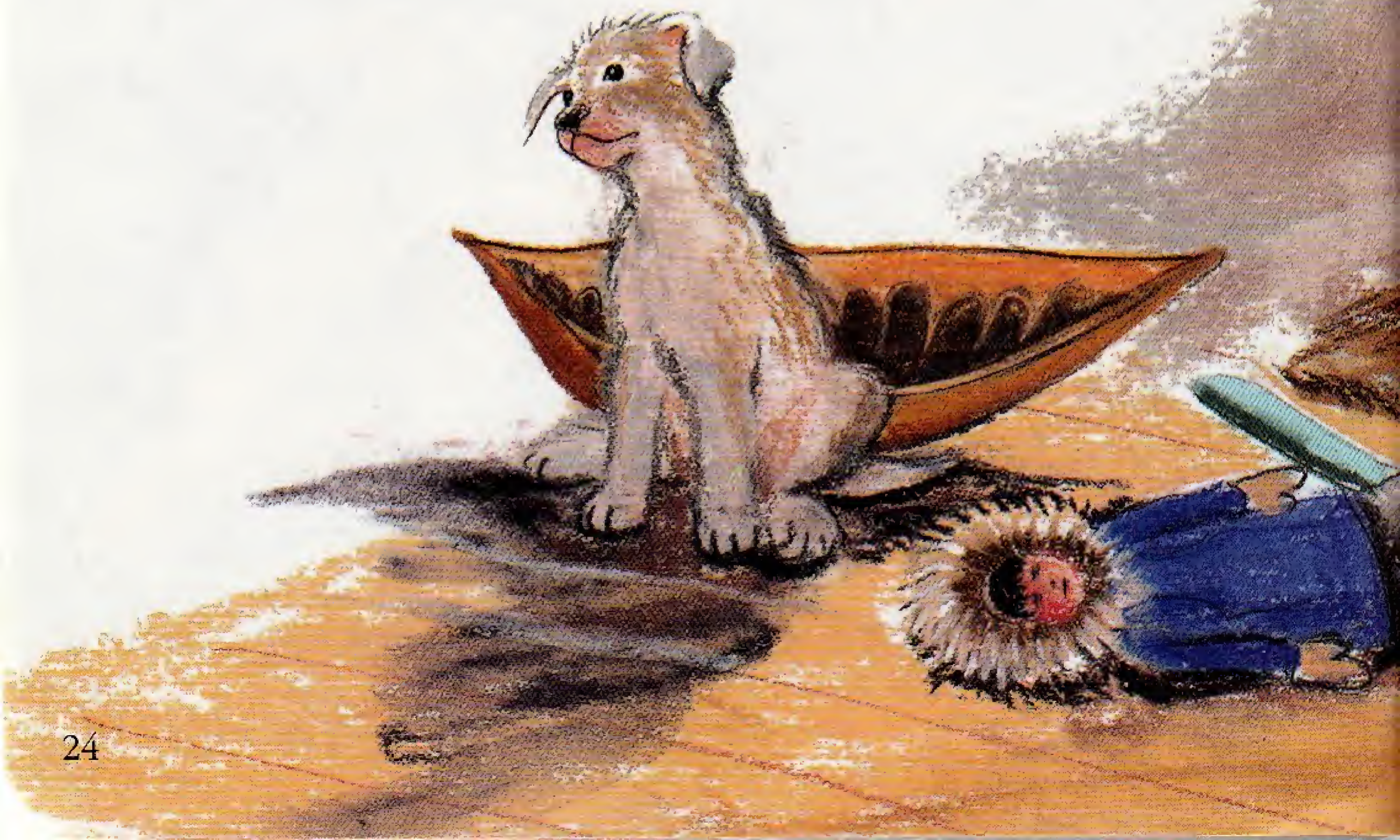


“I hear Baby crying,” said Mother.  
“She’d like to rock, too.”





“There isn’t room,” said Michael.







“Let’s see,” said Mother.





Michael and Baby both snuggled close to Mother. Boat and Dolly and Puppy were in Michael's arms, the reindeer blanket wrapped around them all. Back and forth, back and forth, they rocked.

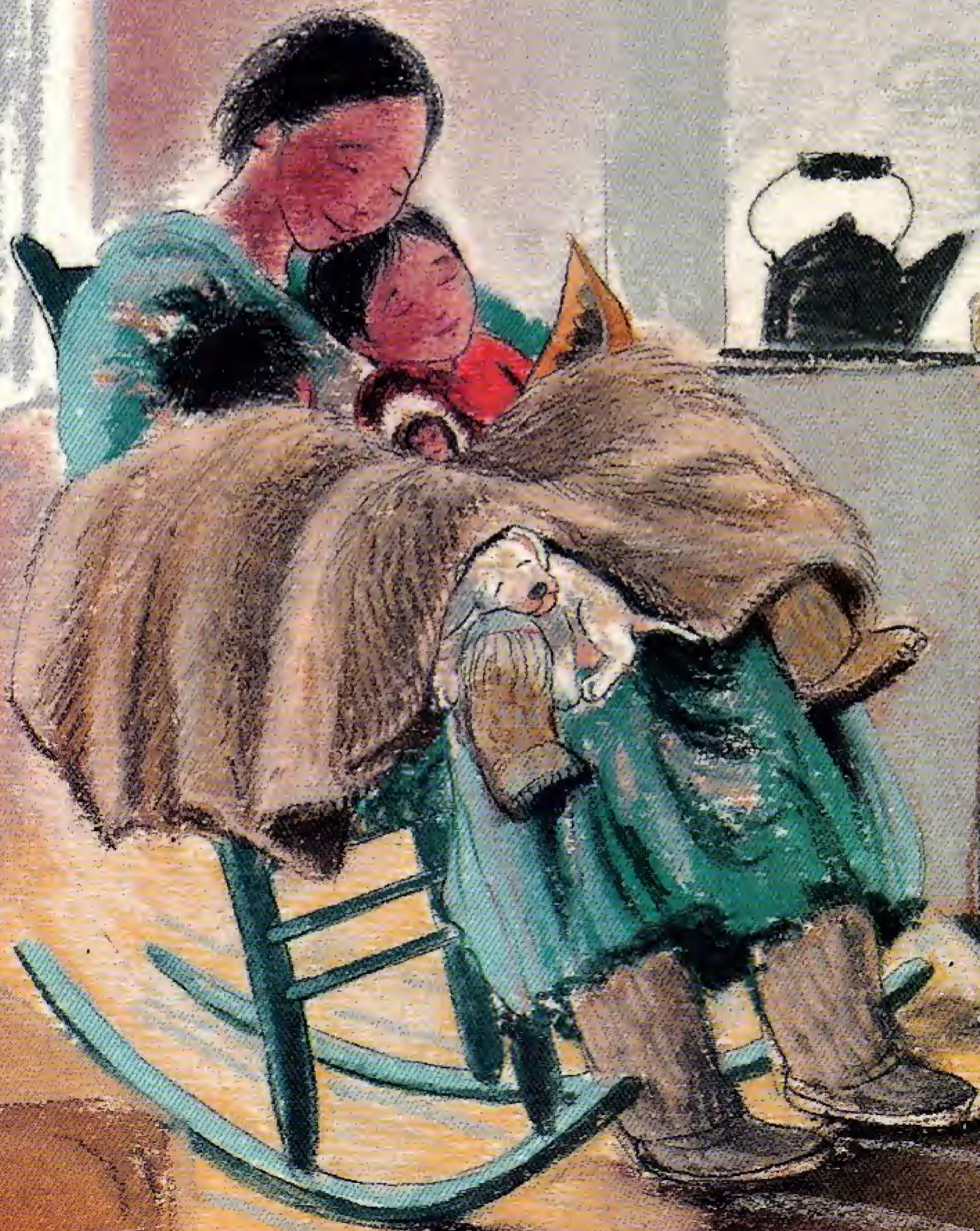






“It feels good,” said Michael.

His mother gave him a squeeze.  
“You know, it’s a funny thing,” she whispered,  
“but there is always room on Mother’s lap.”



Michael's favorite place to be is on Mother's lap,  
cuddled close in her arms in the big rocking chair.  
But is there room for his baby sister, too?

